



## TALES OF THE PERSEVERANCE CLUB

By JAMES ALBERT WALES.

It was so late in the season that many of the boys, who had been swimming and boating, thought it was about time the club had a pier and float, since the clubhouse was right on the water's edge. Accordingly it was voted to build them as soon as possible, and the house committee secured the necessary materials.

The float was built on a framework of heavy logs, the flooring being of one-inch planks, with a heavy molding around the edge. Iron rings were let into the molding, for tying boats. The float was to be kept in place by anchors, as there was no tide in the river. The smooth, sandy bottom of the river sloped gradually from the shore to a depth of seven feet, fifteen feet from shore. In building the pier the boys drove two parallel rows of 3x4 beams in the sand, resting firmly in the clay beneath. These beams supported a walk which extended from the clubhouse porch twenty feet out into the water. The float was anchored off the pier, from which it was reached by a gang-plank hinged on an axle at the top, and sliding on a roller at the bottom. The boys nailed rungs to the gangplank, to afford a sure footing. They now had very good facilities for boating and swimming.

Treasurer Charley Olmsted learned that the club could purchase a light eight-oared barge for \$25 from a rowing club down the river, which had lately disbanded and wished to turn its material into cash. The club authorized the purchase of the barge, and several of the boys rowed it up to Riverview. It was too large to be accommodated properly in the clubhouse, so the boys built a long shed for it at the side of the house, with ways running to the water.

George Graham was elected captain of the crew, and he finally selected the following as the makeup of the eight: Frank Carson, bow; Roy Rogers, No. 2; Jack Higgins, No. 3; Fritz Baumhach, No. 4; Amos Jones, No. 5; William Stratford, No. 6; Alfred Davidson, No. 7; George Graham (captain), stroke; and Joseph Stein, coxswain.

The boys decided to hold a carnival of sports on the water. It was to be their last appearance for some time to come, as they had decided to go camping in the mountains during August. Consequently, it would be the last opportunity for the people of Riverview to witness their athletic contests till the football season, many months away—and so the forthcoming events aroused much interest. It was arranged to have swimming races, a tub race, and an eight-oared barge race. The last event was hard to arrange at first, for there were no crews young enough to row on equal terms with the Perseverance eight. However, the second crew of the Star Athletic Club, averaging seventeen years, was matched to row against the home crew, which averaged hardly fifteen years.

The Perseverance crew practiced and trained faithfully. The boys had difficulty in getting the proper stroke at first, but with coaching they developed speed and endurance. The race was to be one mile, straightaway, finishing at the clubhouse. Finally the day of the carnival arrived. The crowd extended along the river bank in a long line on both sides of the clubhouse. At 11 o'clock the first event was started—the 50-yard swimming race. There were four Perseverance boys entered, and three from Riverview. At the report of the pistol the boys left the float and struck out briskly. They were closely bunched for twenty yards, then Rex Tichnor forged to the front, with Charley Olmsted closely following. On the last ten yards Charley spurred, but could not pass Rex, who finished a yard to the good. The time was rather fast for such young boys—41-2-3 seconds.

Next came the duck chase. A domestic duck was let loose in the water, and the ten contestants dived off the float after it. It looked easy at first, but the duck eluded its would-be captors with surprising ease. Just as it was about to be caught, it would turn quickly and paddle out of reach. The futile efforts of the boys became laughable and the crowd shouted all sorts of sarcastic comments at them. It was evident that the duck had many friends on shore, for each failure of its pursuers was greeted with fresh shouts of laughter. However, five of the boys closed in upon it from different sides, and escape was impossible. Jack Henderson seized it by the throat and bore it gently to shore, amid the boisterous applause of the crowd.

The attention of the crowd was now directed to a catboat race between Walter Gladwin's Dolphin and Dick Ives' Mermaid. The boats crossed the

line together, and started for the stake buoy, one mile down the river. The wind being from the south, necessitated their beating to windward on the first leg. Walter rounded the buoy first, but Dick's boat, being faster before the wind, gradually overhauled her. In a close finish the Dolphin barely managed to get the decision.

A game of water polo between the Dauntless team and a team chosen from the Perseverance Club was won by the visitors—7 goals to 5. The next event on the varied program was the tub race, which proved to be even more amusing than the duck chase. Fifteen boys in tubs started from the float to paddle with their hands across the river. Only those who could swim were allowed to enter, and several rowboats followed the contestants to see that none came to grief.

The various gratifications indulged in during this race were laughable beyond description. The spectators shouted and screamed with mirth. Several boys could not make any progress at all, as they went around in circles. Some even went backward, to their great disgust. Others found no difficulty in going off diagonally, varying the direction from time to time, but very few made any decided progress. In the middle of the river two boys—Rube Sayles and a Riverview boy—upset almost at the same time through trying too hard to paddle ahead, and the rowboat had to pick them up and tow the tubs ashore.

About this time a struggle was noticed between Tom Barry and Wilbur Wheatley. Both were very close to the opposite bank, when Tom suddenly jumped out of his tub about five yards from shore and waded in with it through the shallow water. Wilbur paddled desperately and reached the bank almost at the same time. An argument immediately arose as to which had won the race. It was claimed that the object of the race was to get the boy and his tub across the river regardless of the means employed. The judges ruled otherwise, and declared that the affair was more or less a canoe race, in which paddling was the only lawful means of progress. Hence, they awarded the race to Wilbur.

The 20-yard swimming race was the last event before the great race, which was to conclude the program. Twelve boys started at the signal and swam vigorously toward the goal. The first 100 yards were covered at a killing pace, which resulted in five boys dropping out, exhausted. At 175 yards the contest had narrowed down to Rex Tichnor, who was in the lead; Charley Olmsted, Tom Barry, and two boys from Riverview. On the last 25 yards one of the Riverview boys, Bobby Flake, came up on even terms with Rex, and fought out the finish with him. Rex was worn out from the other race, and could not stand the strain. Just as Flake passed him and crossed the line ahead, Rex faltered and sank beneath the surface. Charley Olmsted kept an eye on Rex, so he quickly dived after him and brought him to the surface. One of the boats had come up by this time and both boys were hauled in safely. Rex came to shortly afterward. The winner's time was 3 minutes 14 seconds.

And now came the eight-oared barge race, the concluding event of the program. The crews got into the water and paddled down to the starting line. The towering proportions of the Star boys made them look like giants beside their younger adversaries, but the Perseverance boys inspired confidence by the ease and assurance with which they handled their oars.

Finally everything was in readiness and the crews drew up at the start.

"Are you ready?" asked the starter amid profound silence.

"Yes," answered the coxswain of each crew.

Instantly the sharp, clear report of the pistol rang out and the crews got away at once. Rowing evenly and gracefully, about twenty-seven strokes to the minute, the crews kept together for the first quarter. The crowd at the clubhouse could see them coming up the river in the distance.

Gradually the Stars increased their stroke until they were rowing at a thirty clip. The Perseverance boys did the same, holding them for the next quarter. The coxswains spoke to their men in encouraging tones, urging them to do their best and keep cool. The steady, swish, swish of the oars and the rhythmic movements of the oarsmen as they moved forward and backward with perfect regularity showed how well both crews had learned their lesson.

The boys got everything in readiness for camping, and the necessary equipment having been provided, they took the train one fine morning, bound for a delightful time at Lake Glenwood. In the heart of the mountains, here they will have fishing, bathing, hunting, mountain climbing and good times of all sorts.

And so we shall leave them, wishing them the best of good fortune and hoping that their sports may always be guided by the same principles as in the past—always true to the motto of the Perseverance Club.

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line together, and started for the stake buoy, one mile down the river. The wind being from the south, necessitated their beating to windward on the first leg. Walter rounded the buoy first, but Dick's boat, being faster before the wind, gradually overhauled her. In a close finish the Dolphin barely managed to get the decision.

THE CLUBHOUSE PIER AND FLOAT.

## The Tale of Sam Sanders.

A HISTORY STORY.

By KATE STEVENS.

In London, England, some 200 years ago or less it was a custom among Blackguards to steal lads and men. The thieves would tramp up some charge, carry their captives to court, get them convicted and ship and sell them as servants or slaves in the British colonies of America.

During those times—about the year 1750—a Jewish boy, Samuel Sanders, was one day sauntering lazily through the street, when he was seized and carried before a court, and there charged by his kidnappers with clipping coin. Sanders was innocent, but false witnesses sustained the charge, and the lad was put on board a ship. When the vessel came to its Virginia landing he was sold into service for a number of years—really into slavery.

But Sanders was a strong, active youth, and he abhorred bondage. A few weeks of his slave life set his mind alight, and he earnestly toward escape—to the minute and spurring. Perseverance kept to 20, and managed to prevent the Stars from increasing their lead.

At the last quarter the Stars were rowing 37 and making desperate efforts to keep in the lead. Perseverance still kept to 30, but rowed so evenly and powerfully that the Stars were still hardly a length ahead and could not gain.

The long, steady swing of the Perseverance boys exasperated the Stars, who were anxious to win the race by several lengths. "Come on!" shouted their coxswain. "Let's leave these babies far behind. Hit it up faster—you've got to go faster, I tell you!" The men responded, and gained a few yards on Perseverance, but it was evident that the long sprint was punishing them. Their No. 5 was groggy and rowed mechanically, with his eyes rolling. The coxswain had to pull the rudder slightly to one side to keep from fouling the Perseverance crew.

It was now the last 500 yards. "Now, boys, get at 'em!" shouted Coxswain Joe. "Put everything you have in you into one last effort! Go! Go! Go!" Almost instantly the Perseverance boat seemed to leap out of the water and spur ahead. The boys hit up a thirty-five clip, but lost none of the strong, even sweep they had maintained throughout. Compared with the wearied Stars, they were fresh and in prime condition. Steadily they gained till they were even with their rivals. The Stars were rolling wildly, yet they seemed to be standing still when the Perseverance boat swept by them like a whirlwind. No. 5 finally fell over in his seat and lost his oar.

The Perseverance boys were rowing their thirty-five like veterans, steady and regular as clockwork. They did not let down, but crossed the line winners by seven lengths. A perfect paucity of cheers greeted their spectacular finish. They rowed back to the float and showed but little signs of exhaustion. The crowd swarmed down to the float and seized the boys by force, carrying them into the clubhouse in triumph. The Stars came in not long afterward, and went to their dressing room in deepest dejection. No one taunted them about their boasts—their appearance was sufficient humiliation.

Some of them had to help others up the gangplank and into the house, for they were too tired to walk. That such great, strong fellows should have been beaten by such puny rivals was almost impossible to believe. It was a case of science against strength—brains against brawn. Had the Stars not attempted to force matters, and had they kept a steady stroke, they might have won.

When the boys were fully dressed they came out to the porch, where Mayor Barclay was to give out the prizes. Winners of first and second places in the swimming races received handsome ribbons, appropriately lettered in gold. The winner of the duck chase was given the duck itself, and the winner of the tub race got a toy washing board.

No prize had been prepared for the barge race, but to every one's surprise the mayor held up a handsome silver cup, which he declared an unknown friend wished to present to the winning crew. It was learned afterward that the "unknown friend" was none other than the modest mayor himself. A few days later the cup was engraved with the name of the winning crew—Perseverance—and placed in the glass case beside the relay cup which had been won in the track and field games.

Such a successful conclusion to a successful day's sport was very encouraging to the boys. They were especially pleased because it was their farewell appearance till the fall and they liked the last impression to be a pleasant one.

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## How One-Eyed Giants Saw.

By CHARLES BARNARD.

The ancients believed that there once lived a giant having only one eye. To such a creature many things would appear to be flat, and he could not tell whether they were round or square. Draw on paper two squares, one inside the other, and join the corners together by four diagonal lines.

In looking at this figure we cannot tell whether we are looking into a square tunnel or looking down upon the top of a pyramid. Such a figure gives no idea of projection. To a creature having only one eye many things would appear as flat and uninteresting as this diagram.

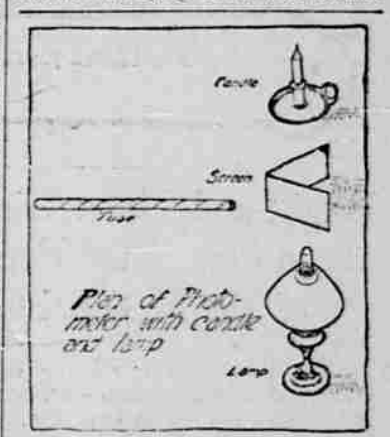
We see the form of things because we have two eyes and by the aid of shadows. Draw the table up to the window and pull the shade down to within a foot of the table and darken all the windows in the room. Take a sheet of stiff, white paper, folded in the middle. Set this up on edge, like a screen, on the table, with one side toward the window.

Sit at the table, facing the folded edge of the screen. We see both sides and observe that one side is brightly lighted and the other is in shadow. Take a sheet of paper 5 by 10 inches and roll it up to make a paper tube one inch in diameter and twelve inches long. Slip an elastic over it to keep it in shape. Now, sitting about two feet from the screen, look through the tube with the right eye, and, closing the left eye, hold the tube in such a position that the sharp edge of the screen appears to be opposite the middle of the tube. We see now a figure that appears to be one-half very bright and one-half very dark. The screen is plainly projected forward, yet each side appears to be much flatter than when we looked at it with both eyes. By raising the tube to the top of the screen we see that it is something that has two sides. Holding the tube opposite the middle of the screen it appears to be almost flat. Then, while still looking through the tube, open the other eye, and this illusion disappears and we have a sense of projection.

Set the screen on the table about three feet from the window, and with the edge to the light. One side now appears to be very nearly as bright as the other. Through the tube it appears to be almost flat, like a vertical sheet of paper with a bright line in the middle. Then carefully move the darkest half of the screen forward, and after a few trials a place will be found where there is just as much light on the one side as

on the other, and then, through the tube, it appears to be perfectly flat and we seem to be looking at a sheet of paper hung up before the tube. Open the other eye and we are surprised at the difference between an object equally lighted on all sides (like our diagram) seen with one eye and with two. After dark set up the screen on the dining room table. Light two candles and place one on each side of the screen. Put out other lights and examine the screen through the tube. One side is a trifle darker than the other, and we slowly push the candle on the dark side nearer the screen. A few trials will bring the candle to just the right place, and then the screen appears to be perfectly flat. Now get a small oil lamp, light it and put it in place of one of the candles. Put out the spare candle and examine

the screen through the tube. The side next to the lamp is now the brightest, and we gently draw the lamp away from the screen until, through the tube, the screen again appears to be flat. Now measure the distance of the candle from the screen. We find it is, say, ten inches. The lamp we find is twenty inches from the screen, and we might think it must be twice as bright as the candle. Light diminishes in brightness as the inverse square of its distance, so the men of science would tell us that the lamp equals four candles. It is a four-candle power lamp. A common oil lamp with a bright flame is thirty candle power. Try this experiment with a gas lamp and see if it is up to the standard of sixteen-candle power. A Welchbach light will have much more candle power.



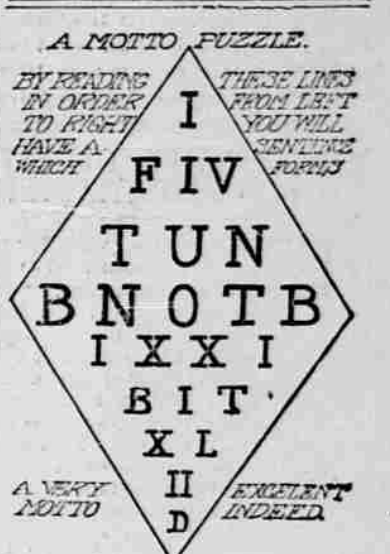
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## Subduing an Elephant.

There are probably not many people who know why elephants are so easily controlled by their keepers.

It is true that an elephant never forgets or forgives an injury, and that is the very basis from which all trainers derive their power.

Some years ago there was a very unruly elephant belonging to a certain circus. The man who had been his keeper was getting old and wanted to give up his position, so another man was found who was willing to take his place. The transfer of keepers was made in a small town in Indiana. Early one morning the elephant was led into an open space outside the tent, and was then chained very securely. His new keeper took a position nearby where he could be seen constantly by the elephant's cruel little eyes. By a little teasing he succeeded in annoying the animal until he struck viciously at him with his trunk, which was exactly what the new keeper wanted. At that instant he and some circus men who had been waiting out of sight behind the elephant began to beat him and prod his hide with elephant hooks. He shrieked with pain and rage and tried to reach the new keeper, who was the only man his chain permitted him to see. But at each attack the elephant tried to make the blows descend harder and harder, and finally he ceased, convinced at last, in his dull way, that each time



## A Careless Artist Puzzle Picture.



THE ARTIST HAS PURPOSELY LEFT SOMETHING OUT OF THIS PICTURE. CAN ANY OF OUR LITTLE READERS TELL WHAT IT IS?